

VETERANS MEET IN NEVADA CITY

Sharkey and Fitzsimmons
Forced to Speak.

FIRST MEETING IN YEARS

Reno Streets Run Riot with
Hearty Scenes.

Tommy Burns is lifted from the
crowds upon the extemporized
stand, where he starts a "Rough
House" by saying the Australian
sports are the best in the world,
but he qualifies it.

Reno, July 3.—Last night, after the difference in time had barred all the New York newspaper correspondents from describing the scene, Reno's bottled enthusiasm blew out the stopper and sprayed all over the corridors of the Golden Hotel. So many prize fighters, experienced fighters, and would-be prize fighters had sifted into town during the past week that when a few more of the regular old war horses landed last night the strain was too great and something had to give.

VETERANS SHAKE HANDS.

It was when Thomas Sharkey, of New York, and Robert Fitzsimmons, of Australia, shook hands in front of the Golden Hotel register that Reno could contain itself no longer. The two fighters had arrived from opposite directions, Sharkey coming over the desert from the East on the regular express train due at 9 o'clock and the Australian ex-champion dropping in from Vancouver by way of San Francisco on the Overland Limited. The popular Fourteenth street bar-keeper was arrayed in a neat double-breasted sack suit of a horse blanket pattern, with buttons modeled after the crown on the summit of the Metropolitan tower. He wore his pea green alpaca hat tilted at a rakish angle over his upholstered ears. From twenty feet off one could hear his watch tick. The speckled beauty of the antipodes had less effulgent raiment. It was only an Australian tailor can cut clothes.

CAUGHT IN THE JAM.

The mob which blocked Center street from the station up to the door of the Golden Hotel would hardly let the two champions pass as they came together from the railroad station. Barely had they entered the doors when they were caught off their feet and rushed back against a pile of trunks which were awaiting transportation at the elevator. Everybody yelled for a speech, and nobody cared who made one.

Finally Fitzsimmons split himself like a compass and got one foot on top of a trunk. Roaring enthusiasts speedily hoisted the other foot up to his mate, and the thin champion found himself towering above the heads of the crowd, with his fuzzy green hat scraping the ceiling. He bared his bald head, grinned expansively for several seconds, and then he began a somewhat flustered address.

"If I'd a million quid," said Fitz, "and everything in all the world at my command, I'd die in two years if I could not come back to the United States. It is such a glorious country you've got that an old man such as I likes to come back here and see all the old spots. I am not going to say who I think is going to win the fight. You'll have until Monday, and guess for yourselves; but believe me, it's awfully awfully good to get back 'ere again."

Sharkey Takes His Turn.

No sooner had Fitz unlimbered himself and climbed down from the trunk than there were yells for Sharkey. The shrinking modesty of the Fourteenth street hero could not withstand this public clamor. He, too, was hoisted on the trunk, much to the detriment of the careful creases in his trousers, and, while a citizen from Searchlight, Nev., steadied the ex-sailor by a firm grip on his expansive calves, the man who had at one time gone down before the blows of the previous speaker delivered himself of a neat, if somewhat disordered, speech.

"Yup think you're looking at a dead one?" said Sharkey, "but I want to tell yuh all that I'm better to-day than I ever was, and I'm not sure but what I'll challenge the winner of the fight on Monday. Why, a mule can kick me in the stomach and I'll never feel it, and I'd like to see the stiffest winker in the lot out in forty-five rounds or less. Thanking you one and all for your courtesies, I beg to remain, sincerely yours, Thomas Sharkey. Open until I am, and devil's a drink you get on Sunday unless you come to the side door and I know you."

Excitement had gone entirely to the head of the crowd and demands were made for further elevation of heroes. Somebody suggested that Tommy Burns,

Closed all Day July 4th.

Claret for Punch and Sangaree.

Five Large Bottles, \$1.00.
A delicious, refreshing, and invigorating summer wine. Phone or write—we'll deliver.

To-Kalon Wine Co., 614 14th St.
"PHONE MAIN 393."

THIRD MAN IN RING.

JEFFRIES HARD HUNTED

WHEN HE FISHES OVERTIME

Reno, July 3.—Late last night, when all of the New York papers were put to bed and even the Pacific Coast night editors were beginning to whittle their pages into shape, Reno was shaken to the foundation by a whispered word from Moana Springs.

"Jeffries was drowned!" That was it, baldly. An automobile came tearing in over the black roads, a reporter jumped out and raced for the telephone office with frenzy in his eye. He was even so excited that he protested only as much as decency required when he was seized by enthusiastic friends and hoisted to a stenographer's table. The Australian ex-champion's reception was not unmixed with some unpleasant features. When he said that he thought that the Australian sports were the best in the world, somebody in the back of the room gave an "Oh, he's a jolly good fellow, all right," Mr. Burns qualified, "but I mean in general, you know. And I will say that poor old Fitz was a good fighter in his day, although his day has long passed. I've fought a few lemons in my time." "How about Johnson?" "Well, I will say that any bloke that has to go to a hospital the day after a fight hasn't had it his own way all the time."

Angry and Reminiscent.

The Australian person was distinctly angered at the voluntary remarks which were punctuating his address. Some of his admirers suggested in a loud tone of voice that the guys who were butting in should be taken out in the street and kicked to death. After that Burns gained a more respectful audience, and he went on to say that even though Johnson had got the decision over him, he knew a few things that if they had only let him fight on that Christmas Day there would have been a far, far different story to tell.

By This Time Proprietor Frank Golden

had begun to believe that the crucial moment had arrived, wherein his temporary guests would begin to destroy the hotel. That being a logical sequence of all Nevada joy. He, therefore, resorted to strategy. Seizing former Senator Thomas Kearns, of Utah, by one arm and ex-champion John L. Sullivan by the other, Golden rushed through the front door into the hall and closed the door behind him. He then turned to the crowd and said: "I have a secret conference with them. The very hint of a secret conference drew a crowd out of the hotel lobby and thence they stuck until midnight. They closed the door and stood on each other's feet and nearly smoking one another's cigars. All the crowd wanted to do was to see a celebrity, and what came out of the door was a high every time he turned around, and to assure everybody in hearing that a large time was coming on Monday.

Poolsellers Are Busy.

Despite the fact that to-day is Sunday and that all gambling games are closed, the Nevada law does not seem to affect pool selling. Tom Corbett's betting place over Jim May's was crowded from morning to night, and lawyers, a rival institution across the street, had in front of it an announcer with 20-horsepower lungs who did not let the crowd forget that inside were to be had odds at a half point better on Johnson than Corbett was giving.

Corbett said to-day that in the three

days he had been doing business he had handled \$200,000. That was much more than he had expected, but he believed that with to-day's rush and the final jump for pools before the battle opened, \$200,000 would have passed through his hands. With enough money to bank back on the ground, Jim Corbett has given his commissions to place in the poolrooms, but so far these sums have been small. Between \$5,000 and \$7,000 represents about all that New York has cared to bet here on the ground. Mr. Thorpe, the New York florist, who came in on the train two days ago with Charlie White, has given Tom Corbett \$5,000 to bet on Jeffries at the prevailing odds of 10 to 6, a ratio which has remained steady ever since Corbett opened his poolroom here.

Tom Jones, the manager of Ad Wol-

gast, is betting all that he has and some of Wolgast's money on the white man. Wolgast, incidentally, seems to be the only living prize fighter out of an asylum who is not present on this interesting day.

He's Betting on Johnson.

"Goldfield" Healey, who used to be a partner of Nat Goodwin in various mining ventures here, is taking the Johnson end of the betting. He has \$5,000 down at 7 to 3, the odds offered by Lawler's room, and says he will drop another \$1,000 just the minute that the odds get better—if they do.

Everybody here seems to be waiting

for Moose Gunst, the San Francisco cigar dealer and heavy-weight local sport, to drop in on Reno. It is whispered that the minute Gunst arrives in town there is going to be lots of Johnson money in sight. Some say that he has \$20,000 to place on the pegs. Jack Klipper, who is a partner in Jeffries' Los Angeles saloon, is on the ground waiting for Gunst to arrive. The minute Gunst comes, the Jeffries admirers in the Southern town to cover every dollar, so he says, that Gunst may care to wager.

The Britisher's bet is in the piker

class, wherein \$1 will buy 10 Paris tickets on the number of rounds that the fight will go. In Corbett's place the general belief that the fight will last twenty-five rounds, and there are not many willing to wager that Johnson will win even after that time. At Lawler's place there are a good many bets of even money that Johnson will last fifteen rounds being taken up.

But there is more to be piled up against

this—another bag full of ciphers to be dumped to the right-hand side of the dollar mark.

Fries and Rickard have jointly sold

their rights in the moving picture enterprise on the basis of two-thirds to one-third. The total sum paid them was \$100,000. Of this \$60,000, already the property of Jeffries, win or lose, boosts the assets of Jeffries, winner, to \$162,416. Still there is more to come. After Jeffries had signed articles to meet the negro, he took a swing around the vaudeville circuit because such exercise would have a healthful effect on his bank account.

Profits from the Stage.

It is generally understood that by punching the bag and skipping the rope before open-mouthed audiences the ex-boxer-maker netted himself the tidy little sum of \$20,000. Still figuring on the basis of Jeffries winning, we'll whip these ciphers into line and take a squint at the grand total. Here it is—\$224,416.

Not quite so accurate an estimate of the coin to be brought home can be made

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So much for the principals and the

promoters in to-morrow's affair. But this is only the front row in the chorus of the dancing ciphers. Behind this are scores and scores of little crooked marks with the dollar sign in front of them. In the first place, let us consider how much money has been spent on railroad fare. In approximating this item, one can say that as soon as the two figures given out a month ago when the railroads were preparing to carry the crowds to San Francisco.

It would be safe to say that if one

should add up the railroad fares of all the people who have come to Reno for the fight, the total would be about \$100,000. So the grand total of the black man's winnings will be \$164,750 if to-morrow he succeeds in crushing the stamina of the man whom the imaginative writers delight to call "the negro." This is a sum of money, and like synonyms of endearment. This total is only assumed by discounting some heavy betting that the negro is known to have done himself. If he wins he will have a large account by another \$25,000 of \$30,000. Nobody seems to know whether Jeffries has backed himself enthusiastically or not.

And so the dance of the ciphers goes.

The above is only a scratching on the surface of probable statistics and it does not consider the thousands of wagers that are being placed all over the country, the stacks of gold that are being dropped into the bagging machines, the little incidental expenses of each of the 10,000 odd visitors who are now stretching this rubber town to the limit of its elasticity.

BANK STATEMENTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

American National Bank,

At Washington, in the District of Columbia, at the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$1,050,000.00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	300,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure U. S. deposits	1,000.00
Other bonds to secure U. S. deposits	6,000.00
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	100,000.00
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	25,000.00
Due from State and private banks and bankers, trust companies, and savings banks	10,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents	10,000.00
Checks and other cash items	20,000.00
Exchanges for clearing house	10,000.00
Notes of other national banks	10,000.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	10,000.00
Legal-tender notes	10,000.00
Specie	10,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)	10,000.00
Total	\$1,570,000.00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$500,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes	25,000.00
Due to national banks	10,000.00
Due to State and private banks and bankers, trust companies, and savings banks	10,000.00
Due to approved reserve agents	10,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	10,000.00
Demands certificates of deposit	10,000.00
Certified checks	10,000.00
United States deposits	10,000.00
Bonds borrowed	10,000.00
Bills payable, including due on banking house	10,000.00
Total	\$1,570,000.00

Correct—Attest:

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LEWIS HOLMES,
A. C. SHANNON,
WM. F. LIPSCOMB,
E. M. MERRICK,
JAS. M. ROBE,
W. S. HOGE,
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CHAS. H. ALPHEUS,
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ELIE SHEET,
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JOS. A. BERBERICH,
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1910.

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Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

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J. WHIT, HERRON,
JOHN T. CROWLEY,
IRWIN B. LINTON,
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